

## Bouquet of Lies (Ghost in Apt. 8)

Paul McDonald

A ghost in apartment eight  
She likes to stay up late  
And she keeps my back up against the wall

If only she talked to me  
Like the way that she quietly  
In a sequin dress with her high heels on

Oh yeah  
If I can get some sleep tonight  
Then maybe I can make things right  
And I wouldn't be living with all your ghosts  
If only I could shake my head  
And forget all the things that you said  
Then maybe I'd feel better about lettin' you go.

You got me fallin' apart  
You got me fallin' apart

Almost every afternoon?  
She never sings in tune  
She keeps my head up in the clouds  
If only she stayed up late  
Like the things in apartment eight  
Then maybe I could let go of all these sounds

If I could get some sleep tonight  
Then maybe I could make things right  
And I wouldn't be livin' with all your ghosts  
If only I could shake my head  
And forget all the things that you said  
Then maybe I'd feel better about lettin' you go

You got me fallin' apart  
You got me fallin' apart

And I can't keep on livin' with all the lights on  
And I can't move on  
I've been spendin all my time alone

Oh yeah

Take me down to the riverside  
And walk with me to the bright city lights  
And we're not too close  
Cause I'm still afraid of all the times  
That you ran away & left me  
With a bent up? bouquet of lies

You got me fallin' apart  
You got me fallin' apart  
You got me fallin' apart  
Fallin' apart